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The occasion
of
CALIFORNIA



ROBERT A. BARKER

The Invasion of CALIFORNIA



*gift of
father*

ROBERT A. BARKER

The In



A California Optimist

For me the sun, the skies of blue,
The songbirds and the flowers;
The sweet grass, heavy with the dew;
And love is in my heart for you,
Oh, lovely World of ours!

What care I for the discs of gold
Some count above their souls?
For me the petalled joys unfold;
To me are Nature's secrets told;
For me the river rolls.

No slave am I to lust of power,
Nor lift I front of woe.
On every day, in every hour,
While summers glow, though tempests lower,
I feel the life blood flow.

I laugh Love, while the sweet stars shine,
Through darkness seeming near.
I count our blessings, yours and mine,
Our hopes and joys, our love divine,
And life is bright and dear.

FOREWORD

In the year 1769 Don Gaspar de Portola, a gallant Spanish officer, faithful to his trust, marched northward from San Diego, at the head of a small but devoted company of soldiers, priests, Indian neophytes and guides. They traversed great stretches of country, crossing rivers and toiling over mountain ranges; occasionally camping near to one of the lonely Missions which, even at that early date, had been established at long intervals, enjoying the hospitality of the Padres and regaling them with the latest news from Spain.

After many hardships, on November 4th of that year, they rested on a wooded eminence, now known as San Carlos Park, and looked down on the beautiful bay of San Francisco. Raising his sword and unfurling the flag of his country, Don Gaspar de Portola took formal possession in the name of his sovereign, Don Carlos III of Spain.

Marching all those weary leagues, did some note of prophecy stir in the breast of this intrepid soldier? Did he know that he was carving his name on the Scroll of Fame? It may have been so, for quickly in his footsteps were many, eager to follow where he had led, anxious to dwell in the sunny land which we have since learned to call CALIFORNIA.

Another invasion of California, a peaceful one, is taking place in our day. Health, happiness and plenty await the Hosts of King Labor here. The Golden State is rich beyond compare and well deserves its name. Her golden sunshine, golden grain, the golden fruits of her orchards and the golden metal her mountains yield combine to make the golden opportunities California offers to the industrious worker.

These verses are put forth by one who knows and loves California, in the hope that some of his friends may journey hither and see for themselves the grandeur of the mountains, the beauty of forest and lake and valley and the splendor of city and bay and ocean which make up the great State of CALIFORNIA.

THE INVASION OF CALIFORNIA AND OTHER POEMS



By
Robert A. Barker

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By
R. A. BARKER

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The Invaders

They come, the toilers from afar,
 Earth's resolute and bold,
 With weapons bared, but not for war
 These stalwarts are enrolled.

For Progress sounds the battle-cry
 And Trade's great legions stir,
 And Labor bears its banner high,
 With Gold, the Paymaster.

While Orient doors wide open wait,
 The long-barred ports are free,
 The Golden State is all elate
 From Summit to the sea.

Far fleets shall sail, fair orchards bloom
 And stately buildings rise;
 The forge shall glow, the busy loom
 Pour forth its merchandise.

And homes, the widespread homes of Peace,
 The Golden State shall bless,
 Where day shall dawn and toil shall cease
 In cheery thankfulness.

And kindly hearts shall, grateful, praise
 The Lord of Light and Life.
 Rest, Warrior of the ancient days,
 There is no call for strife.

Rest Warrior! May we never need
Thy battle-flag unfurled,
The sword and gun no longer lead
The progress of the World.

Slow progress, that by battles won,
Where blight and ruin fall,
And Victory, partial to the one,
Looks grimly over all.

With dextrous hand and dewy brow,
Kind Labor's stalwart sons
Are bearing up our banner now,
And standing to their guns.

The weapons of that mighty host,
Are forge and lathe and drill,
The triumphs their strong arms shall boast,
Through industry and skill

Are rivers by brave bridges spanned
And railways reaching wide,
Electric wires along the land
And cables neath the tide.

No treadle, in low cottage rooms,
Vibrating walls shall shake,
In lofty mills, untiring looms
Their cunning fabrics make.

Where never light of day shall gleam,
The miner's pick and spade
Are winning for our use a seam
The centuries have made.

Life seems to brighten as we go;
For Science, Labor leads,
The years, that erstwhile seemed so slow,
Are swift with mighty deeds.

And watery wastes that lonely tossed
Their white-capped billows free,
By twice ten thousand keels are crossed—
The fetters of the sea.

Over broad lake and ample stream
The sailor's course is laid,
With snowy sails or sturdy steam
To swell the tide of trade.

The King's Host

The plow prepares dark beds of mold,
For slumbrous seed to lie;
The green fades slowly into gold,
The harvest draweth nigh.

Time's lathe shapes out its great designs;
Life's forge is glowing still;
It lights the long-extended lines
Of Labor armed with Skill.

For them no drums triumphant beat,
No banners are unfurled;
But, night and day, their tireless feet
March, conquering, through the World.

Rest soldier! May we never need
War's old-time pomp displayed!
Yoke to the plow thy battle steed
And reap with thy bright blade.



Lake Tahoe, lying like a Sapphire in the heart of the Sierra.

Fair California, Lo! I bring
And at thy feet my store I fling,
My virtues, not my vices!
Some frowns the latter have deserved,
The former have been well preserved
In Manitoba ices.

Ah! do not turn away in scorn
Because I am not native born!
Nor farmer I, nor miner;
But I have lived along the line,
North latitude, 0 49,
I am a Forty-niner.

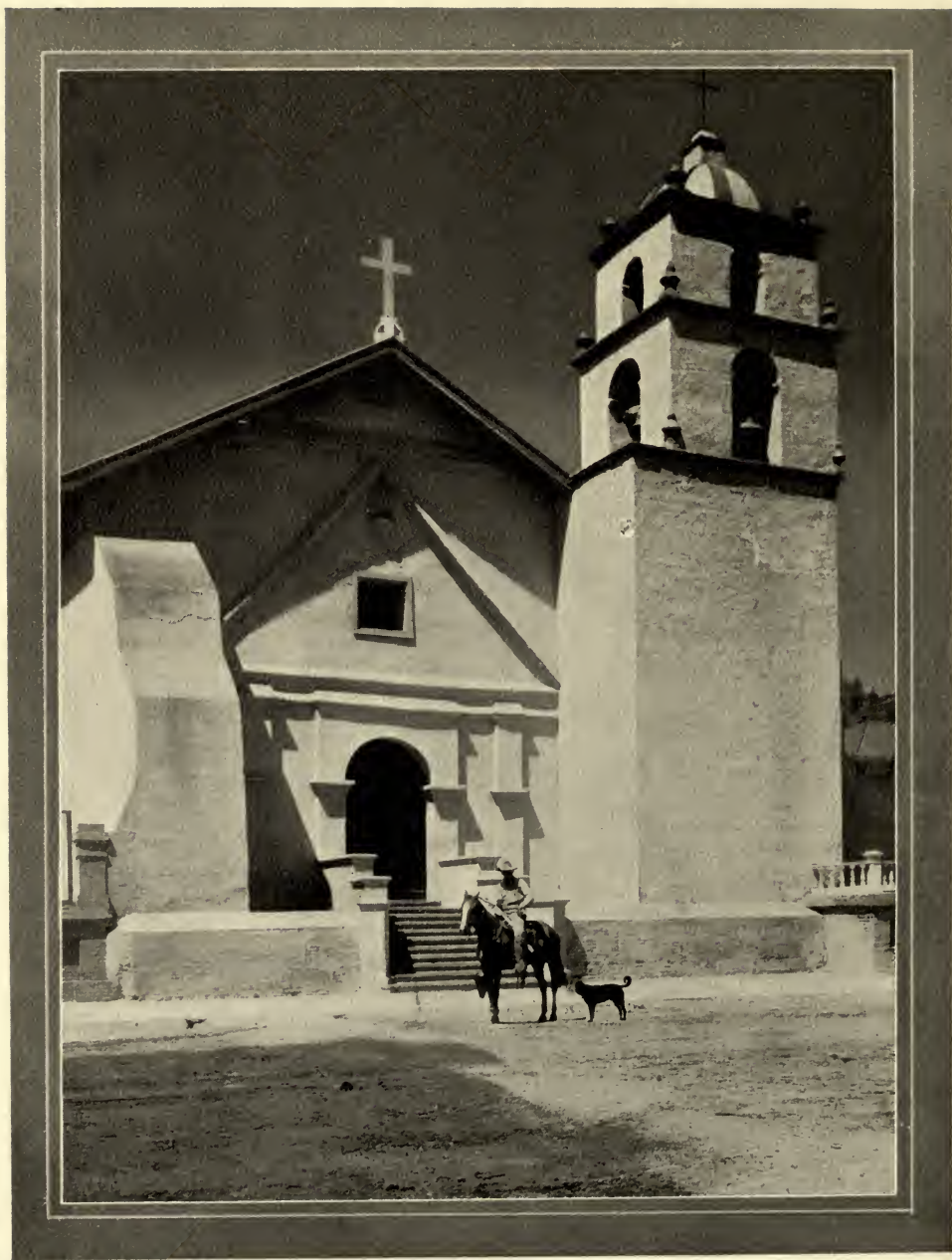
I love thee, Fair-one, Golden West!
Thy sunny hills, in russet dressed,
My frosted heart have smitten.
Oh, whisper, Loved-one, in my ear
Some words of comfort! Give me Dear,
The hand but not the mitten.

For you have wealth of sea and mine,
Of old-time treasures, corn and wine,
Of horses famed for speed.
Your women fair, your climate rare,
Your rich fruits ripening in the air;
What more can mortals need!

Let me find favor in thy sight
And let thine eyes, so kindly bright,
My radiant pathway cover.
Thou blessed State! Thou glorious land!
Give of the fulness of thy hand
To thy devoted lover.

California

A Cool Tribute



The Mission San Buenaventura at Ventura, founded by Padre Junipero Serra, March 29, 1782.

I have read your request, to the very last line.
It's cheeky; but that's not a very bad sign!
I have heard the same tune from a myriad strings,
Played by people who wanted impossible things;
But I don't take much stock in a loafer who sits,
With listless demeanour and indolent wits.
With you it is different. You seem like a man
Who will work while he's able and do what he can;
So I'll whisper to you; but keep dark to the crowd
Who wouldn't take heed if I shouted it loud.

The waters you gaze on, the soil which you tread,
The winds which have wafted the curls from your head,
Are full of fine gold, and the diligent hand
Of the man of discernment has these at command.
Take the land—Go and farm it for all it is worth;
Put seed in—put trees in—keep stirring the earth.
By constantly stirring you'll soon be in clover.
It's your capital, boy! So keep turning it over.

Take the fish in the sea—there are good ones there yet—
Put hooks on your line and put bait in your net.
Their silver scales cover a value untold.
You've only to catch them, to turn them to gold.
The rivers and rocks have a wealth beyond doubt;
So dam them and blast them. They'll have to shell out.
I have spoken. Remember, a word to the wise
Is enough. Stir yourself; bring intelligent eyes
And diligent hands to the plow and the spade!
Bear in mind the advice of yours truly, THE SHADE.

You called me? Oh, yes, I can tell you a place,
A thousand in fact, where a diligent race
May happily live and may wax and grow fat.
And kick? Yes, they'll kick! Little doubt about that!
When you mortals get rich, you are bumptious and proud,
Stick your noses in air and go snorting aloud.
You have written a poem not bad in its way—
Now shake out your ears and just list to my lay.

The Spirit of California Answers



Nevada Falls in the matchless Yosemite Valley, California, leaping 650 feet.

In the fair California Valleys to-day,
Where flame the ripe clusters of luscious Tokay;
Where the bloom of the orange hath perfumed the breeze;
And the rich fruits bend low on the beautiful trees;
In touch with the City, yet far from the World,
His sword in its scabbard, his battle-flag furled,
The veteran by life's hundred battles oppressed,
Has found here his Eden, his Valley of Rest.

In California Vales

But not only veterans congregate here;
For the young and ambitious have chosen this sphere;
Where the guerdons of skill and the diligent hand
Are drafted on Nature and paid on demand.
They care for their farms in contentment and health
And journey through fruits and through flowers to wealth.
'Tis a manly existence; to those who endure,
Who plow in the rain, shall the harvest be sure.

I would that the toiler in city or town
Could see the green hills sloping easily down,
The park-like old trees, with cool shadows below,
The rich bottom lands and the clear river's flow,
And could see the bright hope-light that shineth alway
On the fair fields and orchards that gladden our way.
The envy that seized them might some of them move
To make their own homes in the Valleys we love.

Can anyone picture a manlier life?
Free—Out of the smoke of the turmoil and strife,
Yet fronting the battle—each holding his own,
Determined to win and to do it alone.
I tell you there's grit in the boy who takes hold
Of a place of his own with a hand firm and bold!
And there's brain in the man who can make his own way.
It's a labor of love that will certainly pay.

For the Valleys will laugh with the blossom of Spring
In tribute to those who their labor shall bring.
The fig and the olive, the peach and the pear,
The almond and apricot heavily bear;
The hills will rain down their rich tunnage of wine,
The sun will lend colour and odour divine;
For Nature has smiles for her favorites still,
Who are strong and who woo her with judgment and skill.

The Jubilant Rancher

Sweet Spirit, I drink of thy words as a draught
Of nectar by gods distilled.
No cast-a-way sailor will cling to his raft,
As will I to the maxims instilled.

We'll laugh and we'll sing and the Valleys shall ring
With the sound of our jubilant mirth.
As we follow the plow we will demonstrate how
It pays to keep stirring the earth.

For the elegant vine round my cottage shall twine
And the olive shall silver the hills;
The plum and the peach will be found within reach,
While the birds, only, send in their bills.

While for shade of the fig tree, the smoke of the town
Is exchanged with contentment untold,
On the silver-fringed crown of old age cometh down
Life's evening in purple and gold.

There the sweetness of life and its comforts surround
The hearts that are dearest and best,
And no better gladness on Earth can be found
Than obtains in our Valley of Rest.

A waving plain of golden grain,
Rare fruits and flowerets gay;
The fairest land God ever planned
Is at our feet to-day.

The
Sacramento
Valley

Before us rolls the river and behind us wave the trees
And our hearts are all aquiver with life's possibilities.
Through Orient gates, now swinging wide, a myriad hands we see,
That beckon us across the tide, to fair prosperity.
The dream of centuries draws nigh—no longer as a dream—
The Continents divided lie, yet closer will they seem.
Oh, Comrade of the Ranks of Trade, thy hand is warm in mine!
Together and all unafraid, we'll keep the foremost line!
We stand upon the Western Shore, with eager heart and mind,
A World of Venture lies before; a Continent behind;
And ceaseless through the Golden Gate the stately river flows,
While outward from the Golden State its priceless treasure goes.
Deep laden ships whose course is laid, with homebound sails unfurled;
The ceaseless ebb and flow of trade that balances the world.
Oh, Valleys of the Golden State, ye yield far more than gold!
The hearts courageous and elate, the spirits blithe and bold,
That plow and dig and strive and plan, in field and mine and store;
The virile, dauntless Western man, safeguards the Western Shore.



*El Capitan, Yosemite Valley.
This stupendous rock rears its granite head 3,300 feet above the river.*

An Empire art thou, San Joaquin!
An Eden of the West!
And through thy length the rivers flow,
And in thy strength thy children grow,
In fair contentment blessed!

Through myriad decades, San Joaquin,
The mountains have looked down
And yielded of their best to thee,
And in each gaunt, high crest I see
The Giver's lofty crown.

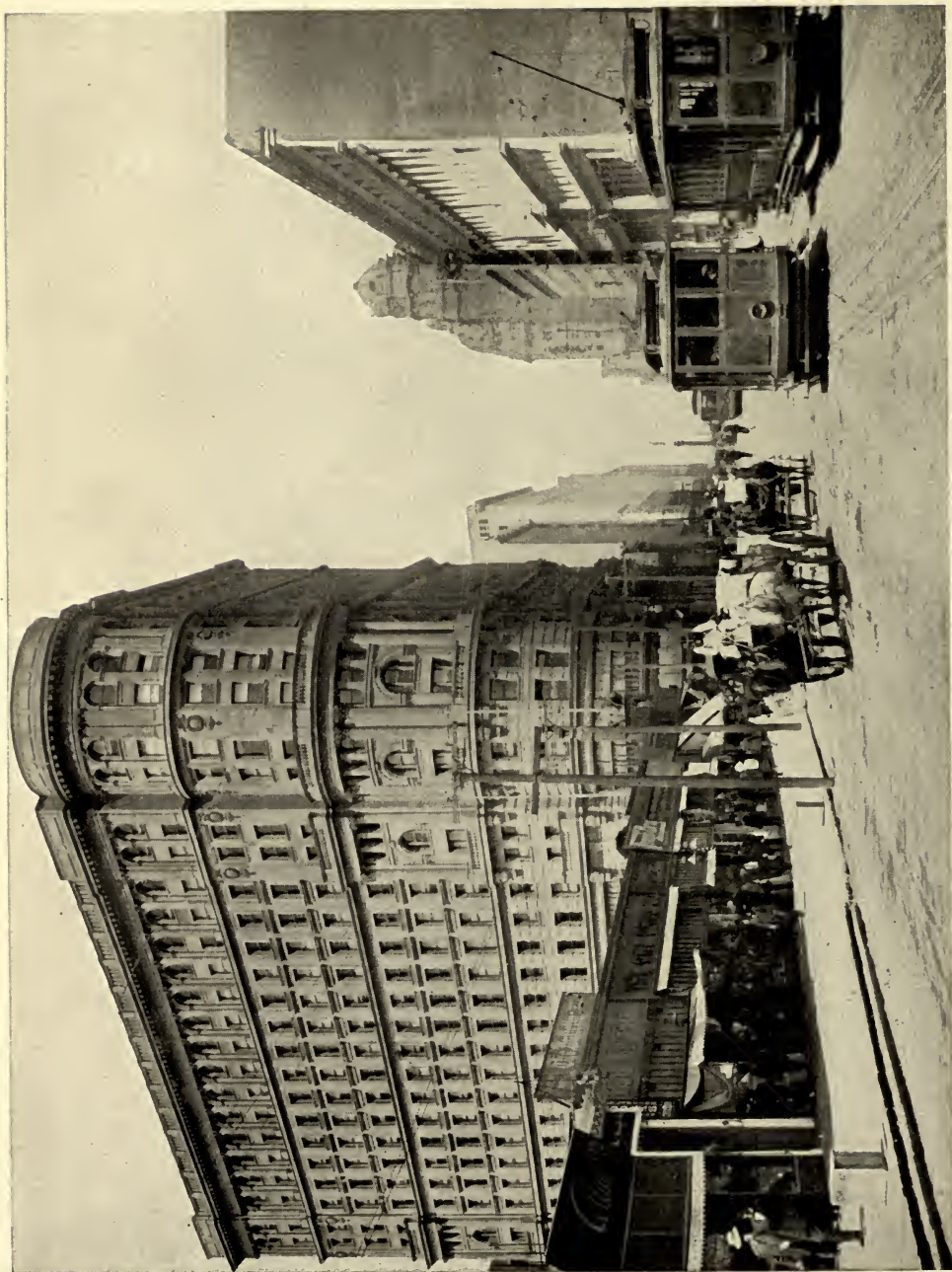
By one's possessions, San Joaquin,
Not always may we know!
Those grand Sierras, far and fair,
In clothing thee, are gaunt and bare
Or garmented with snow.

Oh, San Joaquin! Fair San Joaquin!
Give life to all that live
On thy vast plain! Reward their toil,
In golden grain of thy rich soil!
Give, as the mountains give!

For Mother Mountains, San Joaquin,
Keep watch and ward o'er thee.
All they have left, their snows they yield.
All life in vineyard, orchard, field,
Were else a mockery.

Thus tree and vine and field and mine
Give out their bounteous store;
And Power is wrested from the rills,
And Strength is breathing from the hills,
And life forever more.

The San Joaquin Valley



Looking East down Market Street, San Francisco.

*"A City beautiful is raised,
Clean, Strong, American."*

Tried
by
Fire

I dream about them earthquake days, with their smoke and torrid weather;
And it seemed like this little-old-joke-of-a-World was poorly put together.
The water pipes was all joggled up and they let the water spout,
And the fires got a-blazing an' we couldn't put 'em out,
And pretty soon the whole blame thing was just one blazin' hell,
And the folks was haulin' out their duds and pilin' off pell mell.
You'd laugh to see the things they got to cart their stuff around.
Most anythin' on wheels was good to sluther along the ground.

I tell you, 'twas a tough old time, and put us on the blink.
No water for to fight the fires and almost none to drink.
The poor, scared kids was lookin' round in terror at the scene;
The older folks, with faces grim, but resolute in mien,
Faced Ruin with a spirit bold—the flames rose higher, higher!
I tell you, California gold was tried them days, by fire.
I tell you that the gold was good and stood the trial fine!
So, Neighbour of the earthquake days, Shake! Put your hand in mine!

I wish I had the learnin' as would fix this tale up right;
To tell of Peace's heroes, in that battle day and night;
A-dynamitin' buildin's and a-doin' without rest;
A-doin' without meat and drink; a-doin' of their best;
The firemen and the sailors, the soldiers and the cops,
And them plucky little College lads, each workin' 'till he drops.
Doctors and nurses workin' for to save sick, helpless souls,
With a spirit showin' clearly that the Lord of Life controls.
Each a-doin' of his duty, without a groan or whine.
Dear Heroes of the earthquake days, shake! Put your hand in mine!

The rich and poor and black and white stood side by side those days,
And kindly hearts was shown by all, in gentle, helpful ways.
We got to know each other then, and in the long grub line,
The gold of California hearts was tried and showed up fine.
It may be that the Good Lord's hand gave us that little shake
To see what kind of folks we was, and if our souls would quake.
If so, it must have pleased Him well, to see them show up fine.
So, Neighbour of the torrid spell, shake! Put your hand in mine!

And then the scatteration came. There weren't no call to stay,
With home and grub and clothin' gone, we had to get away
And scatter over God's green earth, that children might be fed,
And men get work and women help, and grief be comforted.
While thousands stayed around the Bay, 'till things come right again;
More thousands struck for far-off points and crowded every train.
But strangers held out kindly hands, in love and strength divine;
So, Stranger of the earthquake days, shake! Put your hand in mine!

A tired, hungry, hopeless band came marchin' night and day,
With ragin' fires on either hand, a-making for the bay.
Through smoke and dust, through heat and thirst, their tired feet were led;
The ashes of their homes behind, the darkened way ahead.
I tell you, 'twas a dark lookout! What comfort could they bring,
Whose wives and families were there and needin' everything?
But California hearts were there, with gold that tried out fine.
There is no Stranger now, for me, Brother, your hand in mine!

And woman's lovin' hand was there to soothe the aching head,
To wash and feed the poor tired kids and tuck them into bed.
For grief subdued, for strength renewed, for hope fanned into life,
A world of deathless gratitude to widow, maid and wife.
Lady, I'm just a laborin' man and you are dressed up fine;
But, Sister of the earthquake days, shake! Put your hand in mine!

A hundred thousand people plunged from comfort into woe,
No homes, no food, no clothin' and they had no place to go.
The friends they might have leaned upon were in the self-same plight,
And from their burnin' homes behind, shone forth their only light.
But the heart of every soul that heard, was moved by their distress;
The World's great, human heart was stirred to helpful tenderness.
An' so we find, in every race, some touch of the Divine
Brother, from every clime and place, shake! Put your hand in mine!

'Twas chaos sure! But God be praised
For the resolute heart of man.
Where fires infernal burned and blazed,
A CITY BEAUTIFUL is raised,
Clean, strong, American.



Music Stand in Golden Gate Park, San Francisco.

Down at Del Monte

A Dream of Monterey

I had a vision of fair Monterey.
Mine ear was raptured with the musical sweet sounds
Of birds, and round about the grounds,
In a dream paradise, I thoughtful stray.

The air was balmy with the breath of flowers
And odorous pines; the turf before me spread,
In velvet softness, yielded to my tread.
Ah me, those pleasant, restful, sunlit hours!

And flitting round about were starry eyes and curls;
The best bright treasures of the Golden West.
Glowing with health, in gay apparel dressed;
A fair Golconda of delicious girls.

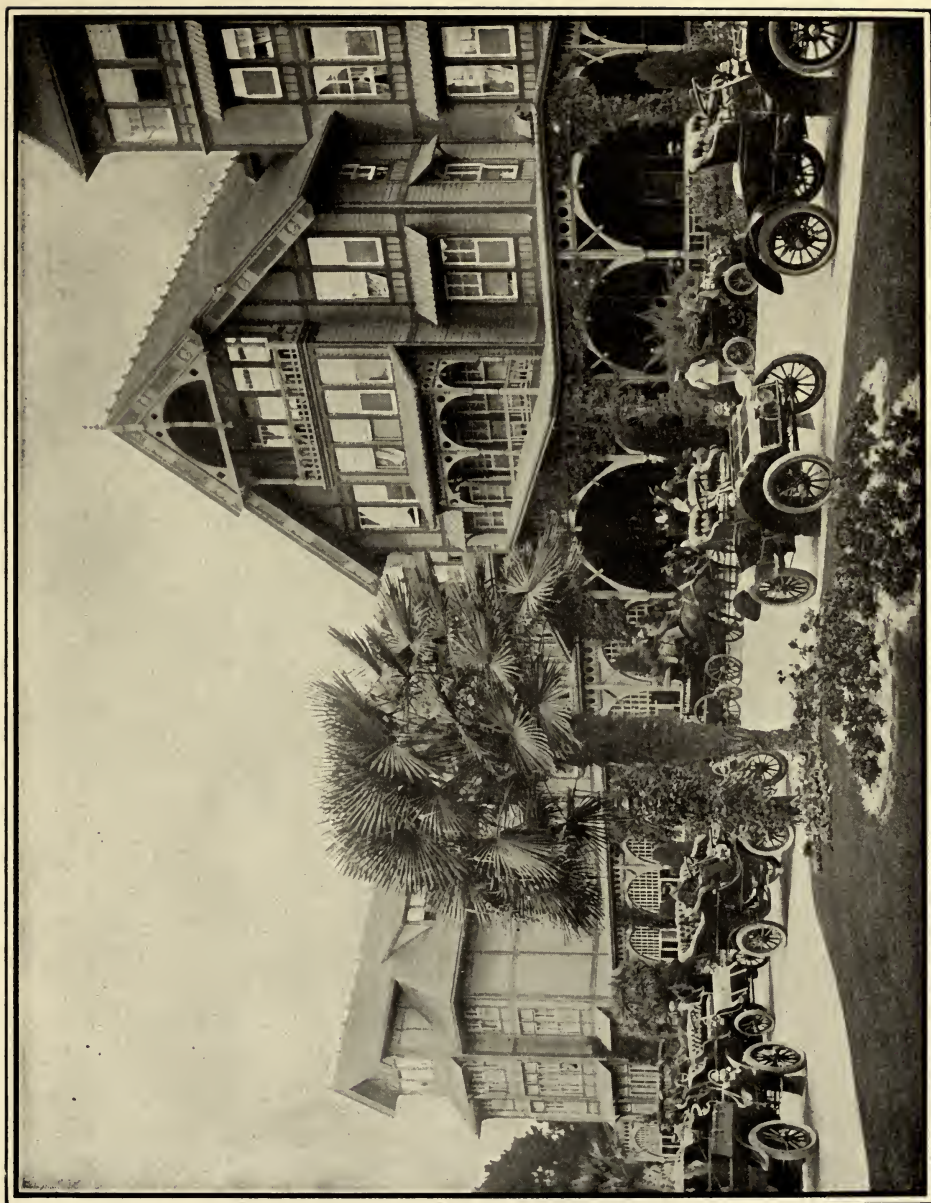
I strolled into the baths, where saline, cool,
I found and swam in such delicious tide,
It seemed I never could be satisfied;
So lovely was the pool.

But other pools would beckon me to play.
Out from the crystal tide I sprang
And on the air light-hearted voice rang,
As to the billiard room straight made I way.

I rode, I motored, boated on the bay,
I passed the time in innocent excess,
In pleasures numberless,
At dear Del Monte, peerless Monterey!

I walked the dales and hills with rod and gun,
I found a heaven of bliss in smiling eyes;
I danced and sang and 'neath the azure skies,
I lay, like lazzaroni, in the sun.

One memorable day, beneath an ancient oak,
I dreaming lay, when sudden, something stirred,
A strange, dark, solemn object, like a bird,
Thrust at me with his bill, and I awoke—broke!



Beautiful Del Monte on the historic Bay of Monterey.



Mission Santa Barbara, founded by Padre Lasuen on December 4, 1786

Santa Barbara

Looking downward from thy hills,
 Quiet Santa Barbara!
Restful ease my bosom fills,
Beauty all my being thrills,
 Peaceful Santa Barbara!

Driving, in thy perfect days,
 Pleasant Santa Barbara!
On thy boulevarded ways,
Where the band, inspiring, plays
 Airs of Santa Barbara!

Out across the sleeping sea,
 Soothing Santa Barbara!
Forth I gaze and dimly see
Isles that, loving, seem to be
 Sheltering Santa Barbara!

Down the line but newly laid,
 Listen Santa Barbara!
Comes a current long delayed,
Comes the life and stir of trade;
 Rouse thee Santa Barbara!

Sleep is for the tired and old,
 Not for Santa Barbara!
Mission days have backward rolled—
Lines of steel are lines of gold;
 Good for Santa Barbara!

From the Palace by thy strand,
 Blissful Santa Barbara!
Wealth and Power and Beauty stand,
Gazing into Fairyland,
 Into Santa Barbara.

Free and fair and debonair,
 Child of Santa Barbara,
Longs for thee, the heart of care,
Sports with thee the millionaire,
 Charmed with Santa Barbara.

Looking o'er Life's troubled sea,
 Down at Santa Barbara
Calm and still it seems to me;
Such a haven as might be
 Heaven in Santa Barbara.



*Mission San Gabriel, founded September 8, 1771,
by Padres Benito Cambon and Angel Somero.*

San Gabriel

San Gabriel, enchanted vale
Of sunshine and of rest,
With wondrous charms of hill and dale
By light and shade caressed—

Where gaunt Sierra Madres rise,
Precipitous and grand,
Lo! at their feet, in safety, lies
A sunlit, favored land.

Oh, fair and sweet the view, I ween,
From Raymond's lordly pile!
A thousand shades of living green
Unrolled for mile on mile.

The sun that drops behind the hills
And dips into the sea,
Has left in shade a scene that fills
Bright memory for me.

O'er thrifty orchards, newly set,
And fruitful orange groves;
O'er happy homes, in memory yet
Mine eye delighted roves.

Old Baldy looks across the vale
To San Jacinto's height,
And both, in solemn glory, hail
The sun's first glancing light.

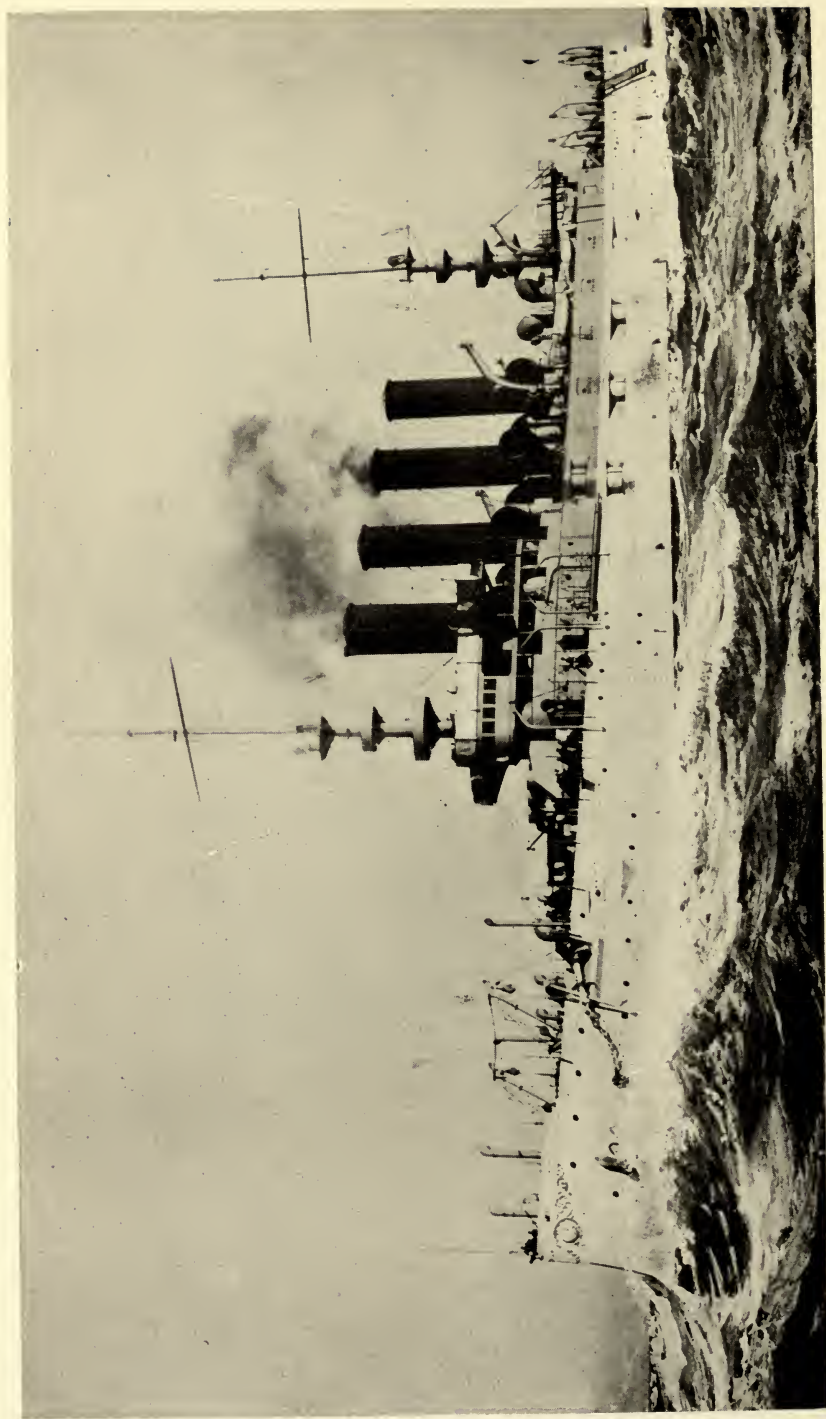
San Bernardino's mountains smile
To see the welcome rays,
And Pasadena rests, the while,
In a fair golden haze.

Still round the Mission, quaint and old,
Where first the orange grew,
The sunlight falls, and globes of gold
Gleam the dark foliage through.

The bells, in those adobe walls,
A century have hung,
Now sounding loud war's clamorous calls,
Now slow and solemn swung.

The savage war-cry shall resound
About thy gates no more.
In sunshine dwell thy people round,
To worship as of yore.

Oh picture fair and rarely set
And fitly framed for love!
In loving memory o'er thee yet
Still broods the white-winged dove.



One of the great battleships of the United States Navy in San Francisco Bay

Oh, Admirals and Officers and every jolly tar,
With Horse and Foot and Sub Marines, thrice welcome from afar!
Hurrah for every soul aboard! Hurrah! Again! Again!
From those who feed the furnaces, to those who feed the men.

The portals of our hearts are flung, wide as the Golden Gate.
The guns will roar, the bells will ring, the multitude will wait,
And when the first good ship comes in, again the guns will roar
A Welcome to the honoured guests who seek The Golden Shore.

The strong hand and the friendly heart, the spirit unafraid;
The courteous thunder of the guns, the starry flags displayed,
Give Welcome; while a myriad tongues will rend the balmy air;
The Veterans from Goat Island and the kids from everywhere.

Ah, that is sure a greeting which might move the sternest breast;
And our boys have the loving hearts, the bravest, tenderest;
Their hardness for the battle's front, returning blow for blow;
Not stern unto a smiling face; no stern unto the foe.

Come in! Come in! The Golden State will give you cheer for cheer,
And silent welcome of the heart from those who are not here.
And as for our dear Admiral; beloved and brave and bright;
Just leave him here with us awhile! We'll fix him up all right!

Ah, Stately Ships! Oh Blessed Might! The Power that makes for peace!
Before the strength of Righteousness all angry snarlings cease.
The strong-armed guardian of the flock, by bluff companions hailed—
The Weakling bayed by every dog, by every wolf assailed.

Lord send us peace! But not through fear, nor weakness will it come;
For there are those who only heed the warning of the drum.
When the dark cannon's burning breath blows fierce on savage wrong,
The safety of the helpless is the valor of the strong.

California's
Welcome
to the
American
Fleet

Berkeley Hills

Berkeley Hills, in russet dress,
Looking forth on loveliness.
Nowhere upon Earth, I ween,
Fairer or more varied scene.
Nature's matchless of the real,
Glowing with man's best ideal;
Beauteous Earth and Sea and Sky,
And the University.

Beyond the Bay, in beauty lies
The Sleeping Maid of Tamalpais.
Stern watch the grand old Mountain keeps;
All quietly the Maiden sleeps,
Preserving through or sun or storm,
Her lofty purity of form.
A lesson to the heart's unrest,
The Maiden on the Mountain's breast.

Westward, through the Golden Gate,
Seals and seabirds, listening, wait,
While the ocean softly moans
O'er the misty Farallones.
Lake and island, stream and bay,
Ocean billows far away,
While below us, tower and town
Nestle close as we look down.

Halls of learning—Youth looks back—
Triumphs of the team and track,
Classic Honors—will they fade?
Whisperings in the oak's dim shade.
Fie upon us! Youth and grace!
Age looks back with smiling face.
Prexie frowns, but who can say,
Does he, smiling, turn away?

Far the traveler, when he sees
Berkeley's many-pictured trees,
While a sudden rush of tears
Blots the intervening years.
Longing all his spirit fills,
For Berkeley Oaks and Berkeley Hills,
For youth's bright pictures, memory-made,
For leafy murmurs in the shade.



The famous Oaks on the Campus of the University of California at Berkeley.

A Jubilee Fifty years ago to-day! Ah me! the lights and shadows play.
of In that half century we see the future's glowing augury.
California From those old times when, savage still, the stealthy Indian roamed at will
To these proud days, so free and fair, with comfort reigning everywhere.
Yet better things shall come to thee, oh California fair!

Youth is the time of purpose high, the golden future's prophecy;
Ever the glad thoughts hurrying on, the music of Anacreon.
At noon some measure of success awaits on cheerful earnestness.
Rich are the treasures evening brings; o'er golden sheaves the robin sings.
So happy days pass cheerily on Time's untiring wings.
On human lives a phantom calls; on human hopes a shadow falls.
For each alone a mossy stone the once-loved name recalls.

California! Golden State! On thee no gloomy phantoms wait.
As morning smiles, as noontide glows, as evening shadows softly close,
Life's long procession comes and goes.
In thee their birth, their lusty breath.
For thee their lives to dusty death.
On thy fair fields they labor free,
Reap and pass on and leave to thee
New charms for their short husbandry.
In thy trust leave we, soon or late,
All good things we accumulate.

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